

Piercing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29874687) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29874687>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Piercings , Genital Piercing , Cock Piercing , Smut , Oral Sex , Rough Sex , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Blow Jobs , Blow Jobs With Teeth , Cock Worship , Large Cock , Name-Calling , Bruises , Multiple Orgasms , Possessive Sex , Dirty Talk , Sub GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Dom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Light Dom/sub , Dom/sub Undertones , Fingerfucking , Depththroating , Spit Kink , Anal Sex , Clay Dream Has a Large Penis (Video Blogging RPF) , Size Queen GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Explicit Sexual Content
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of dteam nsfw
Collections:	MCYT , phoenix's mcyt fics <3 , Dnf
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-07 Words: 8907

Piercing

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

Dream chuckled. “Well, I could try describing it to you.” The way his voice dropped lower could’ve made George do anything he wanted him to. “Or I could show you.”

“You...” George swallowed again, Adam’s apple heavy as it moved. “You’d do that?”

Dream chuckled. “For you, I would.”

The idea of Dream having a piercing is almost too much for George to handle. But when he finally meets Dream in person, he’s shocked to find his face lacking metal.

Notes

I read "[Say you're bored, want dominating](#)" by [SlutForS8n](#) and immediately went to go write this

(gifted to them because thank you for the idea this simply would not exist without their fic)
Dream with a dick piercing made my head explode please take this

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream read the dono message out loud into his mic. “*Do you have any tattoos or piercings?*”

He chuckled—soft, light, lilted. His lips sounded a little too close to the pop filter, every breath just a touch too audible. The pause he left was teasing, intentional, and stuffed with tension. It gave the chat ample time to flood with demands for an answer.

“No tattoos,” he said finally. “But I do have a piercing. Just one.”

George had to have seen the clip a thousand times.

It started off against his will. That clip was fucking *everywhere*, flooding his Twitter feed and Instagram explore—even his TikTok had been overwhelmed by the sentiment. It felt like he couldn’t go online without being hounded by the idea of Dream’s piercing.

And Dream kept getting donations that asked about it. Seeing if he would tell where it was, if it was a ring or a stud or a barbell or a whatever. Everyone just wanted to know *more*, helpless Twitter sims completely smitten by the idea of Dream being pierced.

The only thing he’d said after the start of it all was that it was not his ears, and that only increased the frenzy. Dream had a *facial piercing*, isn’t that something?

George had even asked Dream why he hadn’t answered the question clearly yet. Dream only laughed, said he liked the speculation, the mystery, and the intrigue. He enjoyed all the tweets that attempted to guess, saying which piercing they thought fit Dream’s personality best, playful fights amongst fans over whether Dream would sport a nose ring or a stud. A lot of people spoke of nose piercings, but George preferred speculations about a pierced lip.

After a while, George realized that he had started seeking the clip out. As if the tone of Dream’s voice would somehow reveal the answer he so desperately craved, tell him which part of the mysterious face had metal in it and if it looked good on him.

It was starting to get a little pathetic. George’s thoughts had always been somewhat crowded by unsure images of Dream—attempts at guessing his face, trying to imagine just how tall he was in comparison, how big his hands were in real life. A mystery of a piercing was only fuel to the fire, George’s mind hopeless as it tried to pin unknown jewelry on an unknown face.

For the record, George would hedge his bets on an eyebrow piercing.

And when he finally got the plane tickets to meet Dream in person, he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t wondering about the jewelry. George had considered asking Sapnap about Dream’s piercing, but that felt invasive. So it was a surprise until he got to Florida.

Their first meeting was sweet. Sapnap teased them about acting like a couple in some cheesy movie, the way they practically ran into each other’s arms outside of baggage claim. But George was alright with that. He was happy to see Dream, happy to bury his face in his broad shoulders, happy to be swallowed by his arms and body.

Now that George got to see his face, he couldn't deny that he was attractive. Dirty blond, just as he said. Wavy and mid-length. Eyes that George inferred were green, the scattered freckles over sun-loved skin, the jawline and everything. Perhaps George had stood there staring for too long, but Dream didn't seem to mind. He even stared back.

But there was one thing that George couldn't shake. *Dream didn't have any piercings.* He'd practically stared at his face the whole way back to Dream's house, looking for any hint of a hole or a mark left behind. Even something more akin to a scar or a mark—it had been a few months since the offending donation, maybe Dream had removed it since then. George had even watched his open mouth in search of a tongue ring, but he got no glints or signs of jewelry.

He waited until they got home to bring it up. Waited until Dream had shown him around the house and let him put his bags in his room, waited until after the three of them ate dinner together and talked about everything but Dream's lack of face jewelry, waited until after a stupid movie they laughed all the way through.

When Sapnap disappeared into his room, George got less apologetic about his gawking. And Dream got less apologetic about his accusations.

"You've been staring since you got here," Dream spoke with lilt, a half-smirk on his face that was a tad too attractive for George's liking.

George's eyes were suddenly everywhere but on Dream's face. "I have *not*."

Dream laughed, shaking his head with the sound. "You're such a liar."

"Well, to be fair, you don't have a piercing."

Dream stared at him from across the couch, the grin he had been wearing gone without a trace. He had one eyebrow raised, the look of pink-tinted confusion endearing on his features.

"You remember that?"

"Well, duh," George scoffed. "How could I forget? I don't think Twitter's forgotten."

Dream chuckled. "Guess you're right."

"But you don't have a piercing," George repeated, his tone growing in accusation. "Were you lying, Dream? Trying to make the simps go crazy?"

Dream made a playful noise of disagreement. "No, I have a piercing."

George narrowed his eyes at him. "Did you remove it?"

"Nope." He popped the 'p' in a way that drew George's eyes to his lips. "Wearing it right now."

"But—" George paused immediately, his eyes falling downward to Dream's crotch.

Dream laughed. "Going straight for that, huh? Y'know, Georgie, I could have a belly button piercing."

George's eyes snapped back up to meet Dream's, cheeks darkened pink at the implication. Dream was right. He had been a little quick to jump to conclusions, Dream probably—

"You're right, though."

What?

George sputtered. "I am?"

"I have an ampallang."

George didn't need to know whatever the fuck that meant. Dream had a fucking dick piercing. And suddenly, all the speculation felt useless. *Of course* he was never going to tell his viewers that, but there was no way they'd guess it, either.

Dream had a dick piercing. And George wanted to see it. Touch it. *Taste it*. Fuck, he just wanted to feel that cold metal somewhere on him, enough that he could already feel his dick hardening in his pants.

"What's a..." George's voice was shaking, eyes failing pathetically to meet Dream's. He never found the end of his sentence. Dream found it for him.

"What's an ampallang?"

George swallowed, heavy enough for Dream to notice. "Yeah."

Dream chuckled. "Well, I could *try* describing it to you." The way his voice dropped lower could've made George do anything he wanted him to. "Or I could show you."

Suddenly, George's eyes could find Dream's face again. He found it in a search for anything joking, any lies that were hidden behind his eyes or in his half-smirked lips or the faint blush on his cheeks. And Dream could see the way George looked everywhere for it, even caught the fleeting glances down at his crotch, distant wonder deep in umber eyes as he thought of what was down there.

"You..." George swallowed again, Adam's apple heavy as it moved. "You'd do that?"

Dream chuckled. "For you, I would."

There was something unspoken behind those words on Dream's lips. It made George shiver, his body alive with thoughts of every implication. The fire only burned brighter as Dream shifted closer to George on the couch, hands on his waistband as he eyed the brunet curiously.

"You wanna see it?"

George nodded, his eyes already trained downward. Dream was slow with his movement, hands light as he tugged down his sweats and boxers at once, pulling out his half-hard dick and leaving it there. He was hesitant as he pulled his hands away, looking up at George and his red face.

He was speechless. George had never felt so lost and aroused all at once, stuck staring at his best friend's fucking dick piercing. To say that George wanted it was an understatement—he didn't want it on him, he wanted it *in* him. He hadn't known what an ampallang was until he was staring at one, but he decided right there that he loved it.

Dream had a metal barbell going horizontally through the head of his cock. George was eyeing the spheres on either side, his head a mess in thoughts of how that would feel. The drag of it inside him, the sensation on his tongue, even just the feel of it against his fingers. George was pathetically hard just thinking about it, and he was dangerously close to acting up.

And it wasn't just the piercing, either. George wished it could just be the piercing—then it would

apply to anyone. Any guy in the world with a barbell horizontal through the head of his cock could get George this turned on without touching him—but that wasn't true.

Half of it was the piercing, and half of it was Dream. Not just his existence or stupidly attractive face or the way George already had a thing for him—but his cock. Something in George wanted to go back and never let him take it out to begin with, leave him blissfully ignorant of what Dream's cock looked like and the piercing he had on it—as it should be.

But that was not the case.

“Fuck.” It sounded like the word had been punched out of him. “Dream, you're so...”

The word he wanted to say didn't feel right in the air, so he let it die on his tongue. But it was clear to George the moment he met Dream's eyes again, finally tearing his gaze away from his dick so he could catch that knowing smirk on his lips and the glow of mirth in his eyes.

“I'm so what?” George wished he could shrink into himself, only sent careening deeper into arousal at the sound of Dream's cocky voice. “Spit it out, Georgie.”

George whimpered, the high sound making Dream's face flush pink. George didn't quite catch it, eyes already cast down again. Dream had let himself drop a hand down there again, fingers flicking gently at the barbell so his nails clicked against the metal with a satisfying sound.

It came out choked and pathetic. “Big.”

Everything about Dream's silence screamed *that's what I thought you were going to say*. Like he had heard it a hundred times before. The arrogance was prevalent on his face, present enough to be seen even in George's peripheral, eyes still trained downward as Dream slid his palm up his shirt, tugging the fabric up just enough to expose a sliver of skin.

He had never wanted someone's dick so bad. He had never wanted someone so bad, not like this. Not so intensely, enough to make his entire body rush carmine as his own erection throbbed pathetically. His wrist was practically twitching in an effort not to touch himself, but he kept his body still, legs curled up to his chest in an attempt to hide himself.

“What are you thinking about?” Dream asked, moving his hand to hold his cock properly.

George took a shaky breath at the sight of it, the sight of Dream's hand gripping himself. “Your cock.”

Dream inhaled sharply, but not even an ounce of his pride fell. “Yeah?”

“I want it.” George swallowed, mind completely consumed by lust. He let a hand fall against his own erection, just the pressure of it enough stimulation to make him shudder. “I want it in my mouth.”

Dream gripped himself harder, sliding his hand up to roll a finger over the piercing. “Fuck.”

George slid closer to Dream on the couch, rolling forward to sit on the backs of his calves. His knee knocked against Dream's thigh, and their eyes were slow to slide up and meet each other's gaze. Dream had clearly noticed how hard George was, the grin on his face only sliding wider in arrogance.

He had gotten George like that. And he didn't even have to touch him.

“I think you’re kneeling in the wrong place, baby,” Dream teased, eyes flicking down to the floor in front of him.

George only gaped at him. “You’re gonna—” he stuttered, gaze falling downward again, where Dream was rubbing his thumb over the head of his now fully-hard cock. George shuddered when he realized it looked bigger. “You’re gonna let me?”

Dream laughed, the sound taut with arousal. “*Let* you?” He scoffed. “I’d be insane to say no to a blowjob, George. Especially with your pretty lips.”

George wasn’t sure what he should say to that, so he just got on his knees.

Arguably, the new angle was even hotter. Staring up at Dream, his cock in his face, the metal of the piercing oh-so-tantalizing. Dream had taken the hand off himself, instead running his fingers through George’s hair, beckoning him closer with his hold until his lips were practically on him.

George met Dream’s eyes for just a second, catching his dilated pupils above the sea of honey, the smirk on his face half-gone at the look of George. And he reached a shaking hand out toward Dream, sliding the pad of his thumb over the barbell. It was cold in comparison to the burn of his skin, and he savored the smooth glide of his finger over the metal.

His mouth was already watering, spit gathering beneath his tongue. He bit back the temptation to swallow it, flicking his tongue out to lick the precum up from the slit, savoring the bittersweet taste of it. It was enough to coax his eyes shut, enough to send his hand sliding down the shaft as he slid the head of Dream’s cock into his mouth, already feeling the metal against the inside of his cheek.

George was already liking it more than he thought he would, and that said a lot. He swirled his tongue around the head, making pathetic noises in his throat every time he glided over the barbell. The metal was cold against his tongue for the first few licks, but George would never not welcome that. His entire body was flushed hot with need, flamed strawberry and tangerine in arousal, wanting nothing more than the taste of Dream’s cock and the slick metal under his wet tongue.

If he tilted his head to the side and rolled his tongue the right way, he could spin the barbell where it sat. Whatever that was doing for Dream was good enough to make him moan outright, the noise choked out and trapped in his chest. Dream gripped onto George’s hair harder, trying to pull him farther down his cock—but George wouldn’t budge. He only tilted his head to the other side and rolled his tongue the same way again, feeling the other bead pressed against his cheek.

George moaned when Dream did, eyelids fluttering in their still-closed state. He slid his hand up to meet his lips, sliding off Dream’s cock for a moment and toying with the piercing with his fingers. He blinked his eyes open, staring in awe at the now slick head of Dream’s cock, the drip of it only making him look more insatiable. The metal of his piercing shined under the fresh coat of saliva, slick under the pad of George’s thumb.

They locked eyes for a moment. The desperate look on Dream’s face had increased tenfold since George had last looked at him, the swell of his pupils pulsing, freckles present over a pink flush on his cheeks. George made a point of running his tongue over his lips, wetting them with a slick gloss before going down again.

He dipped down a tad farther than the head, letting the metal run farther back in his mouth. He slid his hand over the part of Dream’s cock his mouth couldn’t reach, and both men were acutely aware of how dry George’s palm was.

Dream knew exactly how to solve that problem—grabbing George’s wrist and tugging his hand

away to spit right into the palm of his hand. The sight of Dream's spit sliding off his lips and the warm wetness of it when it hit his hand made something flutter inside of George, hot and on fire as his cock jerked in his pants. And Dream was forceful in the way he shoved George's hand back on his cock, long fingers creeping up the back of his hand from where he gripped his thin wrist, performing the up and down motion for him.

George whimpered, tightening his lips with intent. He slid his lips down to meet his hand as it moved, feeling the head of Dream's cock and the metal adorning it hitting the back of his mouth. Dream made another noise, excessively hot in the low sound of it when it fell past his lips. It urged George to push his head down farther, forcing the hand Dream was still holding to rest still at the base of his cock.

"Fucking hell," Dream cursed, voice exasperated and stretched tight with ferocious need. "Do you even have a gag reflex?"

George batted his eyelashes up at Dream innocently, but the gesture meant *no*. He keened as well, laving his tongue on the underside of Dream's cock when he slid up, reveling in the wet feel of the spit he left behind.

Dream tugged George's hand off his cock completely, reaching out to grab the other one. And with his hold on both of George's wrists—possessive in the very way he gripped them—he held his hands away from his body and in the air, making George freeze and shoot Dream an incredulous look.

The blond only bucked his hips. Slid his cock farther down George's throat than where he'd paused at the halfway point, his playful grin re-asserting itself on his face despite how flustered he looked.

"Come on, then," Dream teased. "Throat me."

So he did. Plunged his head down on Dream's cock, whining high when his lips hit the base. The grip Dream had on his wrists tightened to bruising, the fingers that were situated against his palms digging nails into the flesh. The sensation made George's fists clench, his own fingers sliding against Dream's grip.

And Dream savored the tightness of George's throat. Savored the feel of being all the way down it, groaned low enough to make his chest hum with the noise as his head tipped back against the couch. It was a sensation he rarely got to take, but now that he knew George could do it, he didn't hesitate to thrust his hips upward.

The motion shook George's entire body on the floor. He whined, curled his fingers down to dig nails into Dream's knuckles. And he rolled his head to the side so he could feel the glide of the piercing on his tongue when he pulled up, swirling around the metal with a grossly lewd sound and pulling off with a *pop*. It was only so he could gasp for air, let the spit gathering in his mouth slide down his chin in a way he couldn't prevent, his hands still at the mercy of Dream's harsh grip and unable to wipe himself clean.

When George took Dream in his mouth again, he kept his head rolled sideways. Pulled the tip of his tongue to the back of his mouth so he could roll the jewelry with the underside, flicking his tongue from side to side and letting the veins roll over slick metal. He moaned on Dream's cock again, baring his nails harder into the blond's fingers, circling his tongue so it slid against the underside again but not straightening his head as he dipped down again.

Dream's hips lifted up off the couch as he moaned softly, the noise all in breath. He watched

George with interest, watched the tilt of his head and the shut of his eyes, watching his hands tremble in his unforgiving grip. And he watched carefully as the string of spit slid down George's chin, thick and hot when it grew concentrated enough to break off and hit the floor. Watched his full lips slide up and down his cock—Dream had always had a thing for George's lips, all perfect and pink. He would be lying if he said he'd never imagined this exact scenario, perfect pink lips all stretched around his cock.

Decidedly, it was hotter in person. Decidedly, all of Sapnap's lighthearted jokes about George's *dick-sucking lips* had been startlingly correct. He looked downright sinful like this, with a flush on his cheeks to match the tint.

And his tongue was perfect, too. Unexpected but completely welcome. With every careful shift of his tongue, George would spin the barbell in Dream's cock again, making him moan pathetically. If he let it go on like this, he'd be spilling down George's throat in no time.

Or maybe he'd let Dream finish on his face. Paint that pretty blush and his prettier lips filthy with cum, let Dream gather it on his fingers and make George taste it on his skin. It was almost too hot to think about.

"Careful, Georgie," Dream huffed, his grip on George's wrists tightening impossibly. "You might make me come before I can fuck you."

George's eyes flew open at that, motions freezing entirely. Dream laughed under his breath, eyeing the way George searched his face for mistruth—again. As if Dream would have George suck his cock and not give him anything in return. (Though, George did seem to be enjoying this).

Dream laughed, but even that was pitiful and exasperated. "What? Did you think I wasn't going to?"

George pulled off again, his tongue out and panting as he tried to catch his breath. He attempted to swallow, squirming under Dream's still-present hold on his wrists, inhaling quickly when his lips parted again.

"No," George gasped. "Just figured you'd be able to come more than once."

The tease in his brown eyes was fucking dangerous. And Dream managed to return it tenfold, pulling his back off the couch and plunging nails into George's hands. The pain of it made George squeak, swollen lip rolling under his teeth as he attempted to stifle a whine. It didn't work, and the noise reached Dream's ears all the same.

Dream jutted his hips forward, knocking his cock against George's closed lips. He dropped one of George's wrists in favor of gripping himself, rubbing his spit-slick cockhead against George's face and mouth, making a point of rolling his piercing over his skin. When George's lips parted with a soft moan, Dream knew he was doing something right.

"C'mon, baby, put that mouth back to good use," he teased, pushing against George's lips harshly. "You're so good at it, slutty fucking mouth practically made to suck my cock."

The shiver that wracked George's body was noticeable, and he dropped his mouth open to take Dream inside again. With the newfound freedom of his left hand, he gripped the base of his cock again, his now-dry palm sliding easy against the spit he'd slathered all over Dream.

Dream had moved his hand to grip George's chin, forcing his mouth to stay open and jaw strained as he bobbed his head with newfound vigor, lips tight as if he was trying to suck the cum right out

of him. Both of them took shuddered breaths, moaning soft and half-hidden.

George made a point of swirling his tongue every time he reached the top, tilting his head momentarily to roll his tongue with intent. He slipped off after what Dream thought was not enough time, and the blond was quick to slide his thumb into George's mouth before he could swallow any of the excess spit. He groaned as George rolled fingers against his piercing, spinning the barbell with purpose.

Dream pushed on his lips with the pad of his thumb, felt his skin grow slick with spit as it rubbed against George in a frictionless slide, smearing saliva further across his lips and down his chin. George didn't protest the action, only darted his tongue out to lick at the grooves of Dream's fingerpad, savoring the taste of his skin.

George knew damn well he had lost his filter. That's why it was better to keep Dream's cock in his mouth, to save himself from saying anything stupid. The last sliver of his mind that gripped common sense called for him to shove Dream back down his throat and silence himself, but the sight of his cock and the feel of the slick metal between his fingers was stronger than anything sensical, and George was spitting before he could think.

"Your cock needs to be worshipped, Dream."

The grip on his chin tightened with a groan. "Fuck, George."

The brunet dotted wet, open-mouthed kisses on the head of his cock. They were sloppier where they hit his jewelry, wet and slick against the metal in hot veneration. He refused to let himself regret any words that got a reaction like that from Dream, one where he could feel the fire in his eyes from his position on the floor, where the roughness of his voice sent shivers up his spine and made his cock ache to be touched.

Dream finally dropped George's other wrist, grabbing his face with both hands. He leaned over himself, pinning his cock between his stomach and his thigh, but it drew his face close enough to George's to kiss the spit right off his lips. So he did, licked into his mouth with hunger, tasted the hint of metal caught on his tongue.

It felt molten. George tipped his head back and opened his mouth, took the slide of Dream's tongue against his and the snag of it behind his teeth. George attempted to press back against him, but he couldn't match Dream's fervor. He hoped he could match him in hunger, whining against Dream's lips and sitting up on his knees, leaning in closer to the couch as he tried to shove his hand under Dream's chest to catch hold of his cock again.

"I mean it," George huffed, Dream's tongue sliding along his wet lips. "Put your cock back in my mouth, I'll worship you with my tongue."

Dream's reaction was immediate. Body frozen still, staring down at George with that wild look in his eyes. George only gave him earnest. A wide gaze begging for his words to come true. Dream dug his fingers into George's jaw for a moment, harsh enough to make the brunet whine.

"George," Dream panted, leaning back far enough for George to reach his cock. He wasted no time rolling the piercing, pulling another exasperated sound past Dream's lips. "Fuck, you're such a slut."

George hummed in agreement, mouth still dropped open. "Only for you."

The quiet words went straight to Dream's cock. He fell back against the couch and let George have

at him, decidedly at the mercy of his mouth and lips and tongue. His hot, warm mouth. His perfect lips. And the tongue he begged to worship him with.

George bobbed his head slow and with meaning. Tasted every inch of Dream above his tongue, savored the weight of him in his mouth, tightened his lips and sucked with those lewd, wet noises that filled both their ears and urged them to feel harder still. George savored the strain at the corners of his mouth, the ache in his jaw, the tire in his throat as he worked himself up and down Dream's oversized cock.

His favorite part was still the piercing. And he made sure it hit every corner of his mouth.

He twisted his head impossibly to scrape the metal along the underside of his teeth. Swirled his tongue around it and rolled, capturing the barbell with the muscle from every conceivable angle. Throated him and twisted his head enough to feel it in his throat, body aching at the thought of it inside him.

And the way he moaned, too. It was enough to send Dream spiraling, the image of George on his knees with a flushed face and fucking moaning on his cock. Fucking *worksipping* his cock, every ounce of his reverie completely silent save for the slick noises of his mouth. But it weighed more that way, put more pressure on Dream's sternum in a striking shade of garnet, heavy in the way George's satiated silence spoke volumes.

He loved this. He wanted more of it. Would do anything for more of it, would do anything for Dream's cock. George was almost ashamed of how willing he was to do this forever, to let himself sink to his knees whenever Dream asked, stretch his mouth open wide and beg for the feel of him inside it. He exalted the feel of Dream in his mouth, all cool metal and hot, hot skin.

Dream would be stupid to refuse George his wishes, if George were ever to voice them. For now, his mouth was a little caught up.

Dream tapped his fingers gently on George's jaw, moaning unapologetically at the feel of his tongue pressing the barbell again. George had decided that he liked to push on it, see how far he could press it down with his tongue from one side, see if he could feel the other side prodding the inside of his cheek.

"Teeth, baby," Dream asked softly. "Use your teeth."

Were George not so floaty and in reverence, he may have questioned the request. But here, now, with Dream's cock lodged in his throat and spit slathering his entire mouth, he was in no position to do anything but follow blindly. He dipped down to the base and made a point of dragging his teeth on the upstroke, feather-light in the way he did it.

Dream groaned, hand sliding around to the back of George's head and tugging gently. George loved that noise, and was quick to repeat the action that made it so he could hear it again. He'd click his teeth against the piercing on the upstroke for effect, then let them scrape along the underside of Dream's cock with gentle ease on the way down.

When George switched back to giving head for his own personal preference—a want to return to the slide of his tongue, sloppy and wet and swallowing precum with his spit—he was deliberate with his hand as he jerked Dream off. He let his blunt nails drag gently across the skin, earning more of those deep, throaty groans in return.

"Fuck, George, you're so pretty." Dream tugged on George's hair. "I'm so close."

George slid his mouth off, but he kept up the drag of his nails. “On my face.”

Dream was hoping he’d say that.

And with the side of his fingers rolling the piercing and his thumb digging into the slit, Dream came on George’s face. Painted him with his release, just like he wanted. Almost all of it fell onto his parted lips, sliding down the swell of them and gliding down his chin as Dream moaned, one hand having moved to jerk himself off quickly in a hopeless chase of his own pleasure.

He didn’t even have time to catch his breath before he was back in George’s mouth, his lips wetter and shinier as he ran his tongue over the piercing for just a moment longer. When Dream let out a strangled moan, George pulled off again—licked his lips in whorish swipes and swallowed every last drop of what Dream had left for him.

The only reason why Dream hadn’t given him something to spit in was because he was momentarily too fucked to move, but he was grateful for that now. Now, he got to watch George slide his tongue over his pretty pink lips, swollen with use and shining under the light of the living room.

George fluttered his eyelashes. “Can you still fuck me?”

“Bedroom, fuck—like now.”

They both got up quickly. Dream tugged his pants back up momentarily, feeling his underwear soak wet with George’s spit. And he had to help George up off the floor, muscles tight from being on his knees for so long. (The next morning, two terribly purple bruises would show up on the lower part of his knees. They both thought it was hot, though they were tender when George fell in the exact same place to do the exact same thing later).

The bedroom both felt very close and way too far away. They wound up in Dream’s room because it was closer, slamming the door shut behind them a little too loudly for people sharing a house with another person. But Dream knew Sapnap to be a heavy sleeper, so he didn’t have it in him to worry.

Dream practically threw George down on the bed. He bounced up off the mattress, but the bed frame was creaking under Dream’s weight the moment he crawled on top of him. He finally kissed George again, his tongue still flavored metallic, only this time it was mixed with the bitter taste of cum. Dream groaned at the taste of himself in George’s mouth, something about it rough with the possession of the other. George’s lips were an essence of Dream, swollen off his cock and flavored like his cum.

It felt hot to own him. George was entirely Dream’s right now—at the mercy of him, without a doubt. Trapped beneath his large hands and strong arms as they pinned his wrists to the bed, caging him in with his body as he kissed his mouth with rough fire and possession.

It was dangerous for George to let Dream kiss him like this. Dangerous because it made him lose himself, made him buck up into Dream’s hips and attempt to grind on him, made him push against the way Dream had him pinned despite wanting to be held down, made him a whiny mess in Dream’s mouth while he slid their tongues together.

Mine, mine, mine. Their thoughts matched with clamor. George threw his head back to let Dream have his neck, to let Dream suck his pale skin violet in claim, dark and visible over his shirt so the brunet could not exist without the world knowing he belonged to someone.

And Dream had no mercy for George's delicate throat. He bit and sucked and licked with bright intent, tinted red with desire as he left a mark right beneath his jaw. When Dream pulled back to savor the wet spot then, it was only pink with immediate suction. But he could tell from the look of it and the whine on George's lips that it'd be a sick amethyst come tomorrow, dark enough to catch Sapnap's eye first thing in the morning and leave him questioning what the hell the two of them got up to last night.

That is, if they didn't manage to wake him up with their noise before then.

George whined as Dream sank his teeth into his neck again, rolling his tongue against the teeth marks he'd carved into his skin. George pressed up against Dream's hands, feeling the pressure on his wrists increase to bruising. Just another glow of purple laid visible in Dream's rough claim, another way for the blond to etch his name into George's skin so he could not exist without the pleasant reminder.

"Please," George whispered. "I want you to take your shirt off."

There was no hesitation in Dream's motion to oblige. Only a rougher bite to George's throat and a rise up to his knees, stripping his chest bare and discarding the clothes to the floor, hands quick to grab at George's top and strip him half-naked as well.

And George was already being greedy, hands reached out to grab at Dream's crotch, fingers caught in the waistband as he tried to pull his cock free again. His mind was raging with the image of it, the metallic taste still on his tongue, memories from mere moments ago. He wanted to see it again, to take in the look of the silver barbell, a visual to match all the thoughts he was having of the feel of it inside.

George tried to put his thoughts into words, to plead with Dream to take his cock out and let him see it again, but all attempts at coherence were lost pitifully to desperation. Words came out in whines, rolling past his lips in lieu of a prayer, his hands failing miserably in their attempts to get Dream's pants off.

Dream was smirking down at George's helpless form, large hands reaching to meet George's at his waist. "You want me to take these off?"

George's lamenting whine meant *yes*. Dream chuckled, low and under his breath, pushing George's hands away to drop against his stomach. He did oblige the brunet's request, stripping his pants off and letting them find a home on the floor as well, taking his boxers down with them. It left him naked as he towered above George, fingers slipping under the waistband of his sweats, eyes lost in a gaze at Dream's cock, which was already fully hard again.

"You too, baby." Dream remarked playfully, tugging George's pants down without a second thought.

George dropped his hands on either side of his head, twisting them against the mattress as he whimpered. He scarcely felt exposed beneath Dream, though the man above him could clearly see the aching red of his cock and the way he dripped precum onto his stomach. And he could see the blossoming hickies that he had left, could see every inch of untouched skin, all pale and bare, echoing with a need for Dream to mark it as *his*.

He put his mouth to work right away.

And he didn't pin George's wrists, instead choosing to occupy his hands with touches to his ribcage, sliding hot fingers against hot skin in a burning red glide. He sucked a hickey under

George's collarbone, letting the brunet do as he pleased with his own hands.

George was predictable with his move. His hands slid straight to Dream's cock, fingers seeking the cool touch of the metal and the heat of Dream's skin. He felt as Dream reciprocated the touch, a large hand sliding down his stomach to wrap around the base, the thumb digging into his slit enough stimulation to make George moan.

He felt Dream's smirk against his skin, the motion followed immediately by a harsh bite. George tugged at Dream's cock and let him mark his sternum, whining pathetically at the ceiling while his free hand weaved into Dream's hair. He tugged on it lightly, brought the same light drag of his nails to the head of Dream's cock, reveling in the way it made his teeth dig into his skin.

"Please," George begged, his mindless babbling finally forming something tangible. "I want you to fuck me, please."

Dream pulled up from George's chest, lips slicked beautifully. "Yeah?"

"*Please*," George repeated. "I want your cock so bad, Dream."

He rolled his thumb over the barbell again for emphasis, earning a satisfied groan from Dream in response. And he reached toward his nightstand, hasty in his attempts to tug the drawer open and find the lube, but George was not in any position to hurry him. Though he was desperate and in ache for Dream's cock inside him, their current position left the pierced head of it laying against his stomach, positioned dangerously close to his own throbbing erection.

Practically the moment Dream found the bottle he was searching for, he was already slicking his fingers. He only wet two of them to start, dropping the lube on the mattress and grabbing one of George's thighs to bend his knee upward for better access.

It granted him exactly what he wanted. The perfect angle to circle George's rim with the tip of his index finger, sink carefully inside of him the moment he started mewling. George was already pressing down against the intrusion, moaning wantonly at the ceiling and planting flat palms against the headboard for leverage.

Dream huffed, sinking his finger in all the way and circling it gently. "You're fucking greedy for it, yeah?" He teased, curling his finger inside of George. "Fucking greedy for my cock."

"Yes, fuck," George whined, circling his hips on Dream's finger. "More, please. Another finger."

Dream's next breath was practically punched out of him. "Already?"

George keened. "Fingered myself earlier today. Thought about you. *Please*."

Dream was near-speechless, but he managed to oblige. Press his middle finger in alongside the index, push George's leg further so his knee knocked against the mattress. Dream twisted his fingers inside of George, reveling in the sheer tightness of it all. His mind raced with thoughts of George doing this to himself, wondering how many fingers he could work himself up to and if he did it often. If he always thought of Dream, if he'd keep thinking of Dream.

"You thought about me?" It was more breathless than Dream wanted it to be, but it still made George whimper.

"I always think about you," George confessed, eyes screwed shut in embarrassment. "Always thought you'd be big—*fuck*. Never thought you'd be pierced."

Dream groaned, driving his fingers deeper. “You want my cock so bad, huh? Want to feel the metal hitting all the right spots inside of you?”

George whined, head knocking against the headboard. “Please, Dream, *please*.”

“My piercing’s real good for anal,” Dream huffed. “It’ll make you feel so fucking good, baby. I’ll ruin you, completely, make it impossible for you to be satisfied on anyone’s cock but mine.”

He drove his fingers hard into him again, fucking him on the digits without mercy. And he’d twist and scissor them with every motion, savoring the way George clenched down around him, the motion of his hips still present as he grinded down with need.

“Please, *please* Dream, want you to ruin me. Want you to own me.”

Fuck, *fuck*. Dream’s body surged with heat and he groaned, tugging George’s body down against his fingers with the grip he held on his thigh. He crooked his fingers up to brush against George’s prostate, making him moan louder than he had all night—probably too loud given their circumstances. But neither of them had it in them to care, far too within the moment and deep in each other to mind. The only thought in Dream’s head was owning George, owning George and making him make that noise again.

But he pulled his fingers out. Listened instead to the pitiful whine George emitted, high and displeased at the newfound emptiness. But Dream was only slicking up a third finger, immediately pressing all three of them into George with a stretch that made him whimper.

Dream had turned nails to George’s thigh, digging into the soft skin without relent, everything but drawing blood. The nails on his opposite hand were longer than those on his dominant, longer than the nails on the fingers he was currently fucking George loose with. George could only assume that was intentional.

He twisted his three fingers, spread them wide and pressed against the walls. He did everything but hit George’s prostate again, as if the only thing he’d wanted to do before was find it. His avoidance grew more intentional the more he dipped his fingers, even with all of George’s encouraging whines. He’d miss it by a hair, the smirk on his face a tell-all to his intent, but he’d still keep up his avoidance with honey eyes full of mirth.

“I’m stretched enough,” George babbled. “Enough, Dream, want your cock.”

Dream scoffed, but his words were startlingly gentle. “You’re not stretched enough, baby, just trust me.”

George whined in disagreement. “I don’t *care*, I want it.”

He kicked his legs and attempted to squirm away from Dream’s fingers, a series of pleas still falling past his lips in a desperate beg for Dream to fuck him. Dream only grabbed his hips and held him steady, massaging inside of him with his fingers while trying to convince George to let him stretch him nice.

George was having none of it. “You can hurt me, Dream, *please* hurt me.”

Dream’s hopeless attempts at convincing had all been for George’s sake anyways. So the moment he heard some twisted, masochistic beg for pain, he was quick to oblige.

With a groan, Dream retracted his fingers with what was decidedly too much speed, but the returning whimper from George only begged for more. He took the lube and slicked up his cock

generously, having learned the hard way that not enough lube on a pierced cock made for not-very-good results.

He grabbed George's thigh with a rough hand, tugged him closer so the head of his cock was placed right against George's hole. He could feel the drip of excess lube against him, but he watched George's face intently, catching his wide eyes and parted lips while he drooled on himself pathetically. He was insufferable like this, completely at the mercy of Dream's hands and body, face pleading and ready for anything.

George thought Dream looked unfairly hot. He was flushed, freckles too prominent, eyes trained intently on George's—even as his slid down Dream's body to look at his cock again. It was so tempting, so *close*, practically inside him at this point. Close enough for George to feel him throb against him, close enough for him to edge closer with every chest-heaving breath the blond took.

"Ready?" Dream confirmed.

"Fuck me, please."

Dream didn't need any more encouragement, pressing into George without a second thought. The feel was immediate, already pulling desperate moans past George's lips as his eyes rolled back in his skull.

It wasn't just Dream's cock. It was never going to be just Dream's cock. The barbell was right through the head of it, so the cold of the metal inside him was immediate and perfect, already adding more stretch to it than Dream alone.

Perhaps his moans were growing increasingly strangled, because Dream slowed down. George faintly heard his voice checking in to see if he was okay, and George managed to huff out some kind of desperate *yes* that urged him to keep going.

Dream was so *big*. George had always thought so, always assumed he would be, had been expecting this stretch and the way it was tough to breathe around him. But it was still *so much*, and the piercing only made his cock thicker where it was, cold and distinctly metal against his walls.

He bottomed out with a groan, hips pressed flush with George's ass and his hands tight on his body. One hand gripped George's waist and the other pushed back his thigh again. George could feel every fucking inch of him inside, the sensation only swelling when Dream leaned over to press lips against George's ear, savoring the shuddered breaths and wanton moans from the man beneath him.

"So full..." George moaned, his thighs already shaking with an impending release. "Please move. 'M so close."

Dream chuckled, but stuttered his hips anyways. "Already?"

Yes, already. He'd been so hard since even before Dream took his cock out on the couch, aroused just by the implication of the piercing in his dick. And his arousal proved to be worthy. Even just the lightest thrusts were doing wonders, the barbell dragging against him in just the right way, the stimulation something out of his wet fucking dreams.

"Harder, harder, please," George begged, grabbing onto Dream's shoulders with nails at his grip, raking down his back in long, pink scratches.

Dream groaned. "Fucking cockslut."

He obliged the request anyways. Picked up speed and fucked with increased vigor, slamming into George hard enough to make the bed shake beneath them, hard enough to pull all the pretty, desperate sounds his ears were craving. And he sank his teeth into the side of George's neck, dug nails into the underside of his thigh, let his cock and the metal that ran through it hit George's prostate over and over and over again.

He was pounding it with every thrust. George was already coming on himself and without warning, painting both their stomachs white. He pleaded out a strangled "*don't stop*" and Dream didn't. If anything, he fucked him harder. Fucked him straight through his orgasm until he was already hard again, Dream's slick stomach rubbing against his cock.

Dream was good. Dream was *good*. He knew exactly how to move, exactly how to fuck George in just the right way, hitting the right spot with his cock and his piercing and making him scream at the ceiling in want. George was drooling on himself, his moans becoming a slicked wreck as they tried to escape his lips, saliva running down his cheeks and onto Dream's pillow case in a sticky, lewd mess.

George managed to moan something along the lines of "*feels so good*" and it was enough to make Dream fuck him harder, sliding their bodies closer so George was more or less sitting on Dream's thighs while he kneeled, his mouth pulled away from the fresh bruise on George's neck. And with a new position and a better angle, he somehow managed to hit George's prostate *better*, twist his body sideways so he felt the drag of metal against a new part of him, his cheek pressed into the damp pillow with spit falling out of his mouth.

Dream kept him sideways. Threw his right leg over his right shoulder, forcing George's thigh across his chest as he leaned down and caged George in on either side, pressing hot, wet kisses to the side of his throat. He grabbed George by the jaw and tilted his face up to the ceiling, his chest practically pressed against the mattress in an impossible mess of twisted bodies, but with every shift he could feel Dream's piercing inside him and that's exactly what he wanted.

He was nearly pulling out all the way with every thrust, forcing George to feel the drag of metal against his rim every time. It got better the more he did it, better as George got increasingly more sore and the jewelry just kept sliding against him, slipping out of his hole only to dive back again with rougher intent.

Dream didn't even have to ask him to open his mouth. It was practically stuck like that, jaw locked on open and his tongue lolled out, face pretty and welcome enough that Dream just spit into his mouth without asking, half of it hitting against George's face and sliding down his skin. George keened, silently begging for more of that, so Dream licked his way back into his mouth and spit strings of saliva onto his tongue with their lips crashed together.

George's sounds picked up, every single one of them spilled right into Dream's mouth. And Dream took it graciously with sounds of his own, the hand not gripping his jaw sliding down to George's cock. All it took was one tug and George was spilling all over the sheets again, writhing beneath Dream's grip in overstimulation despite knowing that movement made the drag of the piercing worse. Or better, George couldn't quite decide right now.

Better. It was better.

And with the sounds and the hot, sticky feel of cum on his hand, Dream spilled into George, groaning into his mouth. He fucked his way through his orgasm, holding George's hips still while he fucked the cum deep in his ass, falling on top of him with a huff.

All it took was one displeased groan from George and Dream was untangling them, pulling out

slowly but savoring the whine George made when his piercing dragged against his rim. He couldn't help but stare as his cum leaked out of George's ass, dripping slow and obscene onto the sheets.

And when George flipped onto his back, he stared at Dream's softening cock with the same treatment. He was lathered with his own cum, slick by definition, sticky on the metal of his piercing in a way that made George desperate to lick him clean.

So George did exactly that. Threw his sore body across the bed and took Dream's spent cock into his mouth, unforgiving with his tongue just as he had been earlier, whining at the bitter taste of Dream's cum on his lips. He lingered for a moment too long again, all-too content to lave his tongue over the barbell for what felt like forever.

Dream eventually pushed him off, getting up cautiously in search of a towel to clean them up.

They fell asleep almost immediately after they were clean, far too tired and spent for anything else. But the morning was spent in bed, exchanging sentiments both naughty and sweet. By the time they got up and walked to the kitchen, they were boyfriends.

For the record, George was never going to get over Dream's dick piercing. Not even a little bit.

End Notes

hello it's mars from the future i wrote [dick piercing george](#) if you're interested

[follow me on twitter!](#)

in case if you couldn't tell i really like writing blowjobs (and atm every fic in this series has the "blowjobs with teeth" tag on it lol)

if you haven't read the fic i mentioned at the top, go read it
and if you HAVE read it, go read it again

side note if you made a request on my last fic in this series i promise i will get to it (it's probably already a work in progress tbh) dick piercings have been a plague on my existence and i needed to get this out before i lost my goddamn mind

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!